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LETTERS

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE "QUEBEC GAZETTE,"

ADDRESSED TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

SIR E. W. HEAD, BART.,

Governor General of B. N. America, &c.

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BY COL. GUGY.  
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## P R E F A C E .

ADHERING to usage, the author of the letters now re-published would offer a few words of explanation. They are unquestionably the result of the incident related in the first. It does not, however, follow that the topics are novel, or consequent upon that event. He has, for many years, felt that the social condition of the Province was frightful ; but partly in obedience to paternal commands—partly from deference to authority and habits of order, either hereditary or the result of education, or both, he has refrained from advocating that social reform which he deems indispensable. It may savor of weakness, but it is not every man who has the courage to undertake the performance of so unpopular and dangerous a part, as that of a redresser of public grievances; especially of such as affect not himself personally. Brutus, when he delivered his sons to the executioner, was both a consul and a judge ; but the author had no special mission. So long, then, as he was treated courteously—so long as he was allowed to retain, or imagined that he retained, the *status* bequeathed to him by a line of honorable predecessors, the inciting cause was wanting. In process of time, however, events following each other in quick succession supplied it. If ever man was in heart and soul loyal and true—if ever man took pride in manifesting under every discouragement, and at every risk of life and fortune, his fidelity to his Sovereign and his attachment to British institutions

and connexion, the author is that man. Unable to dwell upon this subject, he refers to the 5th vol. of Christie's History of Canada, pages 4 and 19. It may be here noted that the danger of the soldier ends with the actual conflict, and though made prisoner, though wounded, he is treated with courtesy and kindness. It is otherwise in civil war; and one who has the misfortune, in favor of a Sovereign at a distance, to contend against the majority *entails upon himself, as the author has done, a life of every day persecutions.* Yielding to vice-regal persuasions and promises, the writer relinquished all his professional prospects. He was subsequently twice supplanted in offices spontaneously conferred, as 'twas said, in reward of his services, by men from the old country. Assuredly neither of those successors was more than his equal. He was thus naturally driven to enquire into the causes of a mode of dealing with him, so unfair, so unjust, and so ungrateful. To maintain the unity—to sustain the glory of the Empire, as the equal of Englishmen, he is ready to sacrifice everything—as their helot, nothing.

In one instance a Governor General, with the countenance of a baboon and a mind to match, had the assurance to intimate to the writer that no colonist was worthy of the office of Adjutant General. While expressing himself to that effect, and insolently implying much more, he inflicted a very severe wound. Though thus awakened to the conviction that men from the old country might affect, merely as such, a sort of social superiority over men of colonial birth, a proposition at once disgraceful and insufferable; the writer did not desert his colors. On the contrary, he exerted himself, he believes with some effect, to put down the annexation movement. He consequently

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forfeited the esteem of his electors and lost his seat in Parliament. He witnessed the promotion to the Judicial Bench of a man without either parts or attainments, who had meanly endeavored to induce him to act unworthily. He lived, too, to be consequently deprived by that man of an office purchased with his blood.

His great Uncle, an officer in the army at the period of the conquest, a man of rare endowments and accomplishments, settling in Canada and acquiring property, became both a Legislative and an Executive Councillor. His father, too, was justly called by mandamus to the Legislative Council. Upon the decease of that father, by just analogy the author of these letters had an undoubted right to occupy the same position. In the interval, however, numerous nominations were made both from among the French Canadians and the old countrymen, among whom there were many men whom he will not describe : but of whom at all risks he will affirm that he would be ashamed to be but half so altogether illiterate, unfit and unworthy. Lastly, by misadventure, as 'twas said, a petty shopkeeper was concerned in a frightful catastrophe, by which 12 unoffending Protestants issuing from one of their own churches were shot in cold blood. That person, it is true, contrived to give a dinner to M. Bedini, the Papal Nuncio ; and it is said that for this dinner, he, worthy object of a right worthy preferment, most right worthily earned, forthwith received a *becoming* mark of the approbation of the Pope. It is not to be expected that I should entertain any veneration for the Pope—but to do him justice, that Potentate at least recognizes the efforts of his servants. Crosses, the stock-in-trade of the Pope, are notoriously as plentiful in Rome as lucifer matches, and as cheap. If it be impossible to believe that one was trans-



mitted from such a distance, merely to pay for a dinner—what horrible suspicions of the real object must occupy the public mind. But the native colonist has long suffered from the assumptions of the men from the old country, a sort of self-patented aristocracy—are they now to contend with a hierarchy of Roman manufacture? Admitting that the Pope entertains no view which it would be impolitic to avow or disclose, these decorations may be, and judging from this specimen will be, inconveniently multiplied. To us indeed it is quite indifferent whether we be impeded in our progress by a lot of prize oxen, all bedizened with ribbons, obstructing the highway, or by a drove of mere unornamented cattle. The Pope, who so wisely hastened to acknowledge and reward the services of his Canadian partisan, resides at a greater distance from Canada than the Queen of England, and Her Majesty, if as well served, may be justly expected to be as well informed of facts touching her colonial subjects as the Pope, if not better, *and to act upon them!*

Whether it be her Royal pleasure to ignore the just claims of those subjects, *or* whether Her Majesty being badly served, be not honestly informed of their desert, is in relation to the writer of these lines pretty nearly the same thing and he has long been dissatisfied. It is true that Governors are not a whit better than other men—witness Lord Elgin who was mean enough to consider it a crime in the writer to prefer a formal complaint against a drunken judge and to punish not the *guilty* judge, but the innocent complainant. That sound, practical, aristocratic moralist, reserved all his sympathies for the offender. He promptly, spontaneously, resolved, also, without the vain form of a trial or hearing of any kind, to blast the prospects of the

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writer, who, moved by erroneous impressions of British justice and Royal duty, denounced the offence. It is true also that the acts and deeds of colonists, especially of such colonists as the writer having no English connexions, can be known only as described, and represented or misrepresented by those dignitaries. This fact may possibly account for much partiality, much injustice, and more intentional omission. But respect and courtesy are correlative, and at least on this continent no man of feeling, education and refinement, with the manners, habits and sentiments of a gentleman, especially if studiously respectful to others, can be expected to overlook a marked breach of courtesy in any quarter whatever. Knowing, too, the pretensions of Europeans, most men of any spirit would be on their guard lest they should appear to have admitted them. On the occasion referred to in the following letters, then, the cup ran over. After vainly waiting for three months to afford time for acknowledgment, the writer felt that he was emancipated and that he had a duty to perform, a mission to assume. He knows the penalty—he foresees the ruin to which in terrorem and to gratify the men *from the old country* he is unavoidably devoted; but trusting in God, he dares to hope that having been preserved in such remarkable health and vigor, he is destined yet to play an honorable perhaps an important part, and a part conducive to the welfare of his country. He expects no reward; he cannot even hope for the *sympathy* of those whom it is his intention to serve. As heretofore, he will do his duty, and whatever he himself may suffer, his countrymen awakening at length to a sense of their *degradation*, will profit by his exertions.

THE AUTHOR.



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# LETTERS

ADDRESSED TO HIS EXCELLENCY

SIR E. W. HEAD, BART.,

Governor General of B. N. America, &c.

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## LETTER I.

SIR,—Should I meet the King in battle I would cleave him down just as soon as any other man. These words were spoken by Oliver Cromwell at a time when the divine right of Kings to tyrannize over their subjects was acknowledged, and his auditory positively stood aghast. They deemed that language perfectly impious. Imitating him, though at a very exceedingly humble distance certainly, I, at the risk of being charged with sacrilege, dare to write to the Governor General as I should to any other man. Cromwell subsequently dealt rather unceremoniously with the Lord's anointed; but the manhood, the good taste and gratitude of the present age have accorded a niche to the great Englishman. So a time will assuredly come when the steps which I am taking, and shall take, will be looked upon with favor.

Your Excellency will recollect, too, the *mot* ascribed—at the period of the bloody assizes—to the renowned Captain Kirk. He is somewhat celebrated, like your Attorney General, Mr. Drummond, for enforcing the law as he understood it, but he complained bitterly of his “lambs.” Their evolutions were, in his view of the exigencies of the case, altogether too rapid. In executing the convicts of that dark day, in putting those convicts out of pain, they violated an important rule and disobeyed his express commands, for he wanted the unhappy victims *to feel that they were dying*. So that playful person, your Attorney General, when he introduced a bill facetiously termed an Act to amend the Seigniorial Act, no doubt wished the Seigniors to feel that they were being ruined. By a stereotyped advertisement, inserted apparently for the particular and sole advantage of the printers, your Excellency specially invites all persons (*gentlemen* is the advertised word) having business with you to call during certain hours of the afternoon of three days in each week. Accepting this invitation, I waited upon you in the afternoon of the 27th April last, and though alone at the time, you refused to receive me. Relying upon your plighted faith officially promulgated, I, who have much occupation and some cares, devoted a precious period of time to wait upon you, only to be disappointed. When persons in your position are wanting in courtesy, the public service must suffer; and you lost some information which, unless I be much mistaken, you would have found not quite unprofitable.

It may or it may not have been “nominated in the bond” between your Excellency and your ministers that the more prominent at least among the persons whose efforts and whose sacrifices preserved this colony, should be un-civilly treated. But your Excellency cannot ignore the fact, that but for the class to which *I had the misfortune* to belong, you could not have been here Governor for the Queen—no, nor any other. Those who were fortunately on the opposite side are all provided for to a man. You know and will admit the truth of this assertion; nor will you deny, that with insignificant exceptions, every man who energetically espoused the royal side has suffered more

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or less. Is that error, in which your then predecessor, Sir John Colborne, erroneously encouraged us, is that error to be now punished as a crime? Will not the Queen's present friends, enjoying, as they do, power and profit, rank and emolument, at least affect so much magnanimity as to permit your Excellency to treat their vanquished opponents with ordinary courtesy?

In reference to this subject, a friend who knows the world as it is *here*, gave me a valuable hint. "You were humane, indulgent, kind, it is true," said he, "but you were placed over them at a period of their most profound humiliation; you had yourself powerfully contributed to it. They remember their mortification, and cannot forgive the man who conferred benefits on them. It is not in human nature." This may or may not be true, but had you condescended to see me, does it follow that your ministers would have sent you into Coventry? Would there have been no more confidence, no postprandial enjoyments; no slicing of apples with fingers unconscious of the nail brush, no separation of clammy cards with moistened digits? Mr. Drummond has, as you doubtless know, a characteristic preference for subserviency to his views. Unlike the sage qui non metu frangitur, non tristibus mergitur, non secundis tollitur, Mr. Drummond was once as pliant and humble as he is now rigid and haughty. He did not then dream, it is true, of being admitted into the society of "the quality"; but as he was studiously deferential in adversity, so is he now arrogant in prosperity; as he was servile, so is he insolent. Mr. Drummond necessarily has a characteristic preference for subserviency, *for he expects others to do as he did*. But your Excellency is a hereditary gentleman. In your exalted position, you are responsible for the selection of your instruments, and England expects you "to put the right man in the right place." Were you yourself unequal to the task—were you destitute of that intuitive sagacity characteristic of all great men, by means of which capacity and mind are promptly weighed as in a balance, and sneaking red tapism is made to yield to qualification, it would be not merely humiliating but dangerous to delegate to Mr. Drummond the performance

of a duty assigned to you by your Sovereign. Can Mr. Drummond induce you to consider a faculty for fawning and cringing not merely as a virtue, but as the sole virtue—as the virtue neutralizing every vice, covering every sin—the substitute, in fact, for merit and efficiency?

We colonists may know nothing of the causes of vice-regal favor, but we are not so blind as to overlook the effect. That Squire of Dames, your immediate predecessor, bowed low, it is true, to the possessor of political influence, as every Governor does in his turn, but he loved, he absolutely revered the happy proprietor of an accommodating wife and interesting daughter. The accomplishments and qualifications required for his Blind-man's-buff and Puss-in-the-corner parties, got up in the absence of his wife, are all, I assure you, thoroughly appreciated. Then there was the Earl of Gosford, who never could find anything in any man who spoke English decently. For him broken English had an inexpressible charm: nor could he confabulate with any one who wanted the indispensable foreign accent, unless, indeed, he were vouched for by that worthy the then Secretary, the never-to-be-forgotten Dominic. His then Excellency made a sad mess of it; but with your Excellency—apart from political influence—what is the open sesame? Is it by chance a special aptitude, a particular style in the performance of the Kouchoo?

Such an event as I here record forms an era in a man's life. It proves that to confer all the power which you possess upon a person from another hemisphere, is productive of many evils and inconveniences. The knowledge of the fact is the first step towards the application of a remedy. The affectation of pomp and state making the incumbent inaccessible to those who have an undoubted right to address him personally on business, is the commencement of the series. You can have nothing in common with us. You may indeed entertain opinions not particularly flattering to colonists; you may have your views—an addition to your income—a peerage, perhaps—a desire to subserve metropolitan interests: but you are not of us,—you were not born here, and would not be willing to be buried here, still less that the lot of your family should be cast here.

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You are a mere temporary sojourner. You have and can have no sympathy with us—not even with the best among us. Like your immediate predecessor, indeed, you may take both pride and pleasure in recommending that amnesty to enemies and oblivion of friends to which princes of a former age have more gracefully than gratefully been moved.

How different would have been my reception had I claimed an audience of an elected Governor! Such a public servant, knowing everybody in the colony, knowing something of me in particular, would have been perfectly independent of the man behind the curtain, who is always there to give the law to the European Governor. From Sir James Craig down to the present hour there has always been some lickspittle fetcher and carrier—sometimes many;—always some earwiggling, cajoling, Governor-directing official or unofficial particular parasite of the day. In the nature of things it must be so, and directly or indirectly the stranger who occupies Government House, even in the dispensation of the hospitalities for which the country pays, imbibes the opinions and conforms to the tastes of the *man behind the curtain*. An elective Governor would dispense with that functionary and judge for himself! An elective Governor would have deemed it his duty to have treated me with politeness at least.

Unless he extends some protection to the minority, unless he interposes to allay the bitterness of religious animosity, unless he feels that those who have the insolence and the folly to claim a monopoly of heaven may assume the right to oppress and injure in this world those whom they doom to everlasting damnation in the next, the Governor for the time being is nothing but an expensive pageant. Your mission, then, is that of a moderator and an arbiter; your weight should be thrown into the scale of the weaker few. Should your Excellency be pleased to look at the Census, you will find that a fifth of the population of Lower Canada is Protestant. Yet are we not represented in the Government. Your five Lower Canada ministers are all Roman Catholics. What guarantee have we that in the Council Chamber our rights will be respected? In the Court of Appeals, too, composed



of four Judges, who have in their hands our fortunes, our lives and our characters, three are Roman Catholics—while the fourth is His Honor the Hon. Mr. Justice Aylwin. This is the dignitary who sat nearly opposite to your Excellency at the dinner given you in Montreal upon the 6th of March last, an occasion upon which you were induced by circumstances to make some enquiries. You know him then ; but you are not perhaps aware that his honor being indisposed during the two following days, could not take his seat upon the Bench ! Then there is His Honor Mr. Justice Duval. Could your Excellency explain his being gazetted as he was under the name of John Francis, or did your Excellency never enquire ?

Deceived by the names "John Francis," you have perhaps jumped at the conclusion that His Honor was not a French Canadian, not a Roman Catholic. It was probably intended too that that impression should be produced among the Upper Canadians, who having daily business transactions with us are manifestly as much interested in the composition of our Courts as we are ourselves. They very naturally expect, as we do, that on the Bench at least there should be a fair division ; yet is it in the Supreme Court three to one—and *that one Mr. Justice Aylwin !*—against the Protestants. I who have studied in the same office with His Honor the Honorable Mr. Justice Duval, can certify to the intenseness of his faith and devotion, nor was I at all unprepared for his *obiter dictum* in the case of Filiau. This young man, sir, was condemned to imprisonment *for omitting to take off his hat* in respect to the *Host* as it was carried *past him in the open air !* It is true that the judgment was eventually reversed, but His Honor the Honorable Mr. Justice Duval (I never omit any of the titles of such persons) could not contain himself. His language on that occasion, indeed, justified the inference that but for the fatal informalities upon which the original decision was set aside, he would have confirmed it ! This occurred, tempore Elgin, in the year of grace 1853 or 1854. Now as in the highest court, to which His Honor has since then been, for his virtues, rather irregularly elevated, there are three Roman

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Catholics, what security would the Archbishop of Canterbury have were he to refuse to cap and bow to the Host as it passed him in the street? Then there is the case of that valiant septuagenarian, that poor, friendless Protestant soldier Gray. He was condemned to be hanged for the murder of his Roman Catholic wife upon the charge of His Honor the Honorable Mr. Justice Duval. It is doubtless fresh in your recollection; nor can you be ignorant of the complaints of the able counsel who defended Gray, or of the sensation produced by the terrible result. It is true that by God's providence the unexampled exertions of a genuine philanthropist extorted from your Excellency a free and unconditional pardon, and no murder was perpetrated. Your Excellency's pardon establishes the innocence of the accused; but though placed high above the law you must admit that the fate of Gray may any day overtake any man who worships God as you do. In this country appointments to office, and more especially to judicial offices, require great consideration, and your Excellency is a party to all appointments. Now, you are unavoidably ignorant of many important facts, which your ministry may choose to conceal from you, and with which, if accessible and courteous, you might be made acquainted. But if you will not receive those whom you invite, or receiving them insist on your Attorney General being present at the interview, few men will communicate their thoughts freely. It is not considered pleasant in fact, no nor quite safe, to be put into the power of the Attorney General; and as a Grand Juror is sworn to secrecy, a *Governor General may be expected to be discreet!* The Queen our Sovereign is interested in the observance of this rule.

We need, God knows, a protector. Is it a part which you disdain to perform—is it, in your apprehension, unworthy of you? Has it never struck your Excellency that in the search of that counterphise without which we can no longer live, the thoughts of men will wander into regions from which but a short time back they had shrunk with affright? In one word, we have fought and bled to give power to our enemies, and they grind us. The

Governor who cannot detect the mean designs of ignoble empirics thrown up by the political surge, is unworthy and unfit for his station. He who aids and abets them forfeits all title to respect. The rule by which some of your predecessors have been actuated was to divide that they might govern. I have long known and appreciated it. An idolater of England and everything English, from my ardent love, my profound veneration for the character of the English people, I have hitherto forborne—but the time to speak has come; and as *you are organizing the militia*, you know that the time for action is not distant. Should the war continue in Europe, the tide will roll on hitherward; and it has struck me that at this moment it would be interesting to *enumerate the objects* for which, in the event of an invasion, *we should have to fight!* That may be the subject of a future letter. I may probably write you one or two others; for I desire to submit my views of the patronage of the Attorney General and of the administration of justice. I may also discuss the scheme of the federal union, its object and its effect upon the people of Canada.

Why have we two rules of action—one the most perfect that the world has ever known, obtaining among English gentlemen, and another calculated for the meridian of the Colonies—applied by persons calling themselves English gentlemen in their intercourse with colonists?—I myself could cite examples—I could specify several occasions upon which persons in the position of your Excellency have condescended to palter in a double sense. I could name one who deliberately covered himself with infamy by intentionally affirming as a fact what he knew to be false! Your Excellency will say that this does not apply to you—but is it nothing to invite men who have their occupations to call upon you and to refuse to see them, though the object of their visit involve not merely their fortunes but the fortunes of a whole class, and what is more, the royal honor? Is this keeping faith? Your Excellency cannot complain of my being troublesome, for save that yielding to the *force of habit* I waited upon you to pay my respects, I have never, except upon the occasion

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on which you treated me so rudely, had any intercourse with you. But your Excellency being well informed, must be acquainted with the tenor of the Proclamation of his late Majesty King George the Third, inviting settlers to repair to Canada. By the terms of that proclamation, the Magna Charta of the settlers of that day, such settlers were assured that they would be dealt with according to the rules obtaining in England. Now most of the Seigniors of the present day are the descendants of men who, upon the faith of that proclamation, settled in Lower Canada: but mark the result. Your Excellency knows better than I do the scrupulous regard for private right which has been manifested in legislating in England upon the subject of estates held under the copyhold tenure—a tenure which in essentials is nearly identical with the Seigniorial. You know it well. Will you please compare the course pursued in England with the hot, hasty and lumping enactments of your Attorney General, Mr. Drummond. Here I dare to constitute your Excellency the sole judge. I pray you to determine the question—have the Seigniors been treated as the English landlords by copyhold tenure—have those landlords in England been treated as the Seigniors have been treated here? Can you venture to assert that the British Parliament would have dared to pass, or even to notice, the one-sided enactments prepared by your Attorney General? Can your Excellency affirm that any Ministry could have stood one hour in England who came down to parliament with such a jumble? Is your Excellency prepared to maintain that the proprietors would have been denied a hearing, as they were here, in my case, for one, and in that of a gentleman so remarkable for his courtesy that the treatment which he received at your hands would be, were he not as remarkable for his veracity, perfectly incredible. And still animated by the spirit of God-like Nelson—still expecting every man to do his duty—the nation may well exclaim at the decay of public virtue, when, upon an appeal for protection, a Governor General has the courage to intimate, not merely that he will be guided by Mr. Drummond, but that he

will not allow himself to be addressed save in the presence of Mr. Drummond ! Who, then, is the Governor—your Excellency, or the man by whom the Seigniors have been doomed, and by whose acts I, for one, have lost half my income ? How would your Excellency like that proceeding applied to yourself ? Supposing that Lord Palmerston introduced a bill to-morrow to diminish your income by one-half, how would you like that, I say ? And if you respectfully desired an interview to apprise him of facts which he had overlooked, *and of fatal consequences which must follow*, how would you like to be uncivilly treated ? I am aware that no such thing could occur here where you are Governor General—but in England your Excellency would be, as you no doubt were, a mere suitor, or dependant more or less of the colonial Secretary or Ministry for the time being.

A. GUGY.

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## LETTER II.

SIR,—On the brink of the abyss, the roar of the cataract thundering in my ears, I devote half an hour to your Excellency. Extreme meet,—and this, which is among the most sublime of all the material works of God, cannot shut out the thought of your Excellency. I left Quebec before the publication of a letter, to which I perceive that the independent proprietor of the *Gazette* has given a place in his columns. You may have noticed an omission, which was doubtless my fault—a fault which, owing to my absence, I could not correct, but which I acknowledge and would repair. A nice sensibility to the feelings of others, and a proper observance of conventionalities, are the characteristics of gentlemen. Accordingly *I owe it to myself*, as having some pretensions, to acknowledge that the conclusion of my first letter was not satisfactory. It

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ought to have contained the usual assurance, that "I had the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient and very humble servant." Will your Excellency please to accept of this acknowledgement ?

I find that the course which you pursued towards me is defended by the boor who writes for the *Transcript* newspaper. He describes your Excellency as exulting in the want of good manners, and deems it becoming. Yet, had he but known that immediately before the revolution similar pretensions brought upon a miscreant governor in the streets of New York a terrible indignity, he had not insulted your Excellency in that fashion. Had I without cause intruded in your private residence in London or in the country, you might have exercised your right of expulsion ; but upon your own showing in Canada you are bound to admit people on business, and let me tell the *Transcript* you're paid for it, and paid too to be civil.

Your Excellency will not expect an elaborate epistle from this place, before the grandeur of which little things sink into utter insignificance. But as I took the liberty to enquire of you how you would like to be *done* out of your income, and as I omitted to distinguish between your official salary and the annual produce of your estates, I desire to say that I alluded to the latter. I say then, supposing your Excellency to have had in any country in England any number of patrimonial acres, how would you like to be deprived of one-half of their produce by a combination between Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby, Sir Conway Louis and Mr. D'Israeli ? Such a thing, you will say, would not occur in England—nor would it. But granting that, why were you a party to its occurrence here ? Will your Excellency please to answer that question if you can ? Oppressed with the weight of your uniform, you read a celebrated speech from the throne.—Less, I presume, from its weight (though it did appear to operate rather awkwardly) than from the sentiments put into your mouth by your ministry, you seemed to be very ill at ease while making a striking remark. You said that in Canada the feudal tenure had been abolished without violence or revolution. Why did you not at the same



time state the fact that revolution was *impossible* ? How could your Excellency affect to believe in the possibility, when you could not but know that the Seigniors, who were the victims, did not exceed two hundred, including many women and orphans, principally Protestants not represented in any branch of the Legislature, while on the other hand there are upwards of three hundred thousand Roman Catholics who control the Legislature, and are to profit by the transaction ? In candour, your Excellency, was it in the nature of things to be assumed, as you appear to have assumed, that a revolution was immediately within the bounds of possibility. Without pausing to enquire whether this was perfectly ingenuous and creditable, I shall suppose you to subscribe to the doctrine of all incumbents, who, like Charles X., as well as Louis Philippe, always scoff at prospective revolutions. So do you, but you have their example and might have profited by it. A revolution is no more immediately possible than remotely improbable ; and the acts and deeds of Lord Dunmore may be studied with advantage. The future before you may convey another great lesson ; but why did you so taunt the unfortunate seigniors whom you and your ministry had delivered bound hand and foot to their enemies ? Do you suppose that had they been sufficiently numerous they would have been so unmanly that the foul wrong done them would have been tamely borne ?

There must be no misapprehension. I complain only because my income has been reduced by one-half—because I have been deprived of my property without compensation. My right is wrung from me by statute. Why did not the same statute contain provisions for satisfying my just and undoubted claim ! When the abolition and the compensation should have proceeded hand in hand, *pari passu*, why is the one immediate, the other future ; why is the one certain, the other doubtful ; the one absolute, the other contingent ; why was the right to compensation made to depend on the tardy action of such courts as we have, upon the determination of judges selected and appointed as ours are, upon the sufficiency of a fund notoriously inadequate, and upon the future vote of the

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Legislative Assembly ? What is all this but ministerial arrangements and ministerial machinery for doing precisely whatever they may see fit.

Your Excellency will recollect "the groans of the Britons," bowed down and weeping at the feet of their Roman masters. In imitation of the Proconsuls of that day, your Excellency bears with great equanimity the sufferings of others. There was one, too, worthy of a better fate, who endeavoured to excite a spirit of resistance—who, warning his countrymen, reminded them that "where the Romans made a solitude they called it peace." Let me here record your analogous boast that "no violence, no revolution," has followed your abolition of the feudal tenure. But the desolation consequent upon your un-English legislation has sunk deep into the "hearts and minds of men," and some grave consequences will assuredly follow. "Time at length makes all things even."

I have the honor, Sir, to be

Your Excellency's most obedient  
and very humble servant,

A. GUGY.

Niagara, 13th July, 1855.

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### LETTER III.

SIR,—At the table of Lord Elgin a good story was once told in my presence. It related to the Hon. William Seward, then Governor of the State of New York. It seems that he was understood to be much influenced, if not entirely guided, by a person of the name of Weed. The driver of a stage coach had said or done something which induced Mr. Seward, who was among the passengers, to rebuke him. He concluded by saying, "Don't you know that I'm the Governor?" Nothing daunted, Coachee replied, "You may be Bill Seward, but Thurlow

Weed is Governor." It had its application ; and the then incumbent, whose saltations and gyrations found more favor with Canadian dames than with the East India Directors, smiled ruefully. Has the tale no application at present ? Are there not thousands indeed who are puzzled to know who is Governor, you, or—forgive me, I beg—Mr. Drummond ? It is notorious that he condescends to invite people to dine with you, as he has been known to invite himself to dine with other people. It is a plan which combines economy with convenience, and it has in a military point of view the advantage of *living on the enemy*. Mr. Drummond being exquisitely, I must not whisper ridiculously, vain, and inflated by prosperity, is certainly quite capable of affecting the *ego et rex meus* style. But whatever may be the points of resemblance between you and the first Defender of the Faith, though "begot by beggars and by butchers bred," the great Cardinal's memory must not be insulted by offensive comparisons. There is perhaps some affinity to Dubois, l'aimable vaurien, barring the amiability and the laborious habits, just as the hippopotamus bears some affinity to the race horse. Having ceased to countenance me, Mr. Drummond has transferred his patronage to your Excellency. Oh ! how much—how much you are to be envied !

Mr. Drummond will remember a celebrity—an Attorney General *likewise*—one who had the good fortune, by intense study and rare luck, to find the only copy of the British Constitution that ever was written. Whether it was composed in Runic, in Saxon, in Latin, or Norman French ; whether fairly copied under the eye of the author, in black letter or Roman character ; whether it be in print or in manuscript, does not appear ; for the fortunate possessor at night always takes the precious book to bed with him. In the daytime he buttons it up in his breeches pocket, whether it be the right pocket or the left pocket, or both pockets alternately, is a matter relative to which the best authorities are not agreed ; but the book being his sole property, the distinguished owner was accordingly instantly translated to the hospital *for incurables*. In due time, following that precedent, of course Mr. Drummond

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will occupy a similar position ; and an exception being made in his favor as a kindred spirit, he may thus obtain nearly as much information as his far-famed predecessor—the erudite James Smith. Miraculous sheepskin—thou art worthy of all praise and all worship. (\*)

Under the benign rule of Your Excellency, or of Mr. Drummond, or both, the school of the comic hero who “never could stand straight before a great mon,” must thrive famously. Your Excellency has a keen relish for the curvilinear attitude, denoting abject submission. It is understood to be your line of beauty. Nature having, however, denied to me the indispensable elasticity of dorsal muscle, I, who audaciously claim respectful treatment—I who unblushingly subscribe my letters—am necessarily

(\*) Parchment is the polite official name for the piece of sheepskin generally about fifteen inches by nine, on which commissions are written. They have the power of converting the bray of the Jackass into the song of the nightingale. They can also transform a worthless lout, who has passed his whole life in eating dirt into an honorable!—What is more, they shall make a maingy cur, as clean as if like Naaman he had washed in Jordan. Gentlemen have even been known to sit at the same table with persons of that stamp—that is to say, in a steamer or a tavern, or at the table of the Governor General or Legislative Council. The virtues of the sheepskin extend even to the *et ceteras*, and whatever be the irregularities, the infamy of a woman of the town, should she contrive to be married by a fellow who begs, borrows or steals a bit of sheepskin, *heigh cocolorum*, she becomes the associate of women, may God forgive them, who ought to be virtuous and to know better. I have thought of the subject and had intended to publish a volume under the title of “the wonders of a bit of sheepskin.” It was a voice from Wisconsin that induced me to suspend my labors. A lad there wrote to his uncle in Vermont *to come on immediately* (which is the Yankey for to repair forthwith to Wisconsin) for said he, there are some almighty mean men in office here and you’ll be sure to make your fortune.” I confess that fearing that so soon as it became known what almighty mean men we had in office here, we should have all Europe pouring upon Canada, as in the time of the Crusades they did upon Asia, I felt that it would be dangerous to proceed. The work may, however, see the light. If it should, it will contain a full true and particular account of the birth, parentage and education ; the morals, merits, claims, capacity and career of every incumbent, accompanied in some cases in vindication of Heaven’s first law, by an epitome of Mesdames, with *if possible* a list of their lovers.

*tabooed*, proscribed, anathematized. The spectator on the mountain-top, above the clouds, may well lose sight of the humble hamlet below. Thus your Excellency cannot perceive the union which exists between manhood and generosity—nor can you detect the inseparable connexion between the affectation of special deference to you personally, and habitual insolence towards others. There is, however, a graduated scale, ensuring compensation for the servility which is deemed agreeable to you. Excuse me, please, the apparently amiable persons who crouch like spaniels at your feet will not fail to make themselves amends by arrogant exactions, which must exclude from the Queen's service every man of spirit; and should a day of trial come, the devotion of your courtiers will be exhausted. It has been so, and will be again.

Even in England there is a ferment in the public mind—even in England, where enjoying the advantages of monarchical institutions, all men may hope for distinction. Here, sir, I dare through you to publish to the universe, that enduring all the evils of a perfect democracy, from all participation in which we, that is one-fifth of the population of Lower Canada, are excluded—we enjoy none of the advantages of monarchy—no, not one. We thus labour under the worst evils of the two systems of Government. Thus we have lived to witness the shooting down of Protestant people at the door of a Protestant church by the Queen's forces, under the command of a Frenchman with an English name—a small shopkeeper speaking neither language correctly—absurdly called to the Council, intensely Roman Catholic. And the law—in which the same system produces the same results—has afforded no redress and never can or will. Don't you feel or know that that conviction is fermenting in the hearts of men?

It is that conviction which has brought so many thousands to the conclusion that the next best thing to an Englishman is an American. In some respects the latter when contrasted with the English are manifestly inferior, as being addicted to chewing, spitting and liquoring, and also because on the road they pass as we do here on the

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wrong side ; but as being less self-sufficient, less distant and repulsive, they are perhaps better. The American is certainly proud of his country, but not of himself ; he is not vain, not generally disposed to be offensive. In my own intercourse with them I have found them invariably kind, obliging, and exceedingly generous. In early life I was inclined to contest to them the right to the name of American. It appeared to me to be as presumptuous as if the French or the Germans had called themselves Europeans. In those days I had the folly to imagine that I should have been entrusted with the custody of the Citadel of Quebec, or in any other matter would have been treated like a natural born subject of Her Majesty's realm of England ; but your Excellency has cured me. Accordingly I now feel that the civilized men of North America may be divided into three classes—namely, Americans, Mexicans and Colouists. You will remember that England was once said to contain men, women and Herveys, and will draw the inference.

It is not the most worthy among the English who immigrate, and how can you possibly secure the right man in the right place, when you hold out to us natives no hopes—when you purposely exclude us from all chance of advancement ? Indeed, in Lower Canada it amounts almost to a crime to be a Protestant—it is at least dealt with as a crime. Behold my offence and its punishment !

French Canadian nationality is based upon religion. It includes every Roman Catholic as un bon Canadien—it excludes every Protestant as un Anglais. That is the true division and the only division. It exists in families, among the children of the same parents, the Papist brother being cherished, while the other brother being a Protestant is held in execration. Then the church interposes obstacles to intermarriages, and, in fine, for lack of measures which an able colonial minister or an able Governor could have taken and ought to have taken, there can be no fusion of the races. When did the priests ever reason—when did they bate one jot of their pretensions ? Why, at this hour, so soon as any project of a matrimo-

nial engagement between a Protestant of either sex and a Roman Catholic transpires, the former is instantly invited to apostatize—nothing less. Should the request be rejected, the Protestant never fails to be pestered with claims affecting children yet unborn. Nothing less will satisfy the Priests than that their father or mother, as the case may be, resigning the office devolving on them in the order of nature, should allow the priest to fashion their minds, just as the Chinese do the feet of their women. But like other evils, this does not affect you—and why should you care? Yet is it manifest that under a system which ensures the perpetuation and increase of existing evils, great calamities must be entailed on our descendants. A time will come, therefore, when Protestant and Papist, to propitiate a God of peace, will invoke the God of battles.

The sense of injustice is producing its invariable result. Men must go mad, or agitate, or emigrate. Of course they choose the lesser evil, and they fly. Seeing no prospect, no field being open to them, Protestant youth born in Lower Canada are driven to expatriation. I could name Canadians of consummate ability who are now occupied in contributing to the power of England's most dangerous rival. The consciousness of intellectual power will exercise some influence on the tone of mind, and such men will be more or less self-sustained: knowing, too, that the most brilliant career is open to them in the neighbouring Republic, such men will not endure the insolence of office. I am too old to emigrate, but to my personal knowledge some of those who have reluctantly left Lower Canada are the descendants of men who at the revolution made incredible sacrifices, and forfeited estates equal to principalities, steadfastly to adhere to the royal standard.

Those gifted individuals, (if I had a country I should call them my gifted countrymen) driven from their homes, must rise to eminence: they may be Secretaries of State, aye, even ambassadors to the Court of St. James—thus soaring never so high above the Governor General of Canada. How different their condition from mine, who

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unwisely confiding in vice-regal discrimination, and injudiciously relying on royal justice, have been condemned to potter all my Jays as a mere colonist in Lower Canada—doomed, indeed, after kicking my heels in your ante-chamber, to receive a coarse intimation that “you could not see me, and that I must come some other day”! Why, sir, no European sovereign acting so discourteously could retain his power for one year. Remember, sir, the touching language of St. Paul, which I hope I may cite without profanity: “what advantageth it me that I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, if the dead rise not.” Expecting infinitely less, I had hoped that my fighting with men in Canada, if it had not entitled me to some distinction, would have ensured me an audience from the viceroy, and have at least protected me from insult. It is a game at which two can play, and no man more religiously ceases to see disagreeable persons than I do; but the Governor General should be a pattern of propriety, and how can he be passed as if he were an ox or an ass? I am here reminded of the language ascribed to you, certainly exultingly used over their cups by some who affect to advise you. They say that I’ve *dish’d* myself, put my foot in it—elegant terms signifying that you or they, or both, will take revenge for the injury you have done me. Is it thus, sir, that you represent a christian Queen, a pious God-fearing Sovereign—is it thus that you first insult her subjects and then you ruin them? If it be thus, welcome ruin; if that be the condition of Colonial life, welcome death. Oh! Victoria—morituri te salutant. Whatever, then, may have been the extravagance of my monarchical preferences, whatever the enthusiasm which I have manifested in support of the Queen’s authority, I am not quite blind. I know that, born on this continent, I am as much American as Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson or Franklin Pierce; I know, too, that in the United States every distinction, save that of President alone, is within the reach, God help me, of such as I am. But unless the office you occupy become elective, what is there worth having to which we can aspire?

As it may seem strange to you that people should agitate for an elective Governor, I shall briefly specify a

few of the moving causes. Every Governor, in his turn, manages to play his cards so as to suit himself. He always says, it will last his time; and whatever be the elements of future discord, anarchy or bloodshed, he cares not. He has an object to obtain, some crotchet, some great Gibbon Wakefield-Beauharnois-Canal-Land-Scrip scheme; and necessarily sacrifices the colonists. The latter are therefore prevented from taking that prominent position to which they are of right entitled. The business is taken out of their hands. Then the Governor never can know where the shoe pinches; he never can justly estimate existing evils. If he did, provided they were not of a kind to be noticed by the English press, and in the Imperial Parliament, he need not care. In fine, he may find it convenient to select a few colonial toadies; but with the great body of the colonists he can have no kind of sympathy, and never has any. Should the Courts of Law be all ajar, what need he care? He can't suffer, for the Governor has no law suits; and if he had, existing circumstances would suit him well. He needs no Gascoignes on the Bench—not he. If there should be no subordination—no respect for the sanctity of an oath; if one section of the population should conspire against the rest, so as to ensure the triumph of crime and the conviction of innocence, what need he care? The Governor will never be brought before a criminal tribunal—no, nor any of his family. If men should be pitchforked over their fellows—not merely in spite of their baseness, but because of their baseness and infamy—what need he care? The Governor's interest will never be jeopardized by such men. Indeed, it is quite clear that some Governors might take a malignant pleasure, like the Regent Duke of Orleans, in the exercise of a power by which they are enabled, as if by a magician's wand, to give importance to the most infamous of men at the expense of their betters. An elective Governor, on the contrary, born, educated, living and dying here, aware of every evil, could not be imposed upon by a blatant minister. He would have an interest in improving the social condition of the colony, though he should be old and ready to die, because the interest and happiness of

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his descendants would be involved in it. It is not so with the European Governor, for whatever may betide the colony, like "a nice young man" and Lord Elgin, "he loves and he rides, or he steams away."

I may be told that at this period all these things depend entirely upon the ministry. I deny it. Those offices which depend upon popular favor are no doubt occupied and disposed of by them; but when mere administrative talent is or should be required, you appoint them. Who appointed Lord Bury—what claim has he upon Canada? About as much as I have on the King of Ava.

I could have made light of injuries; I did make light of them. Lord Seaton offered and promised me the best office in this country, and he certainly urged upon Lord Durham my appointment as Adjutant-General. However, in piping times of peace, that same Lord Seaton deemed himself at liberty to forget intentions and promises consequent upon evils which he found me instrumental in subduing. Having compelled me, as he did compel me, to abandon my professional career, he nevertheless felt that he could not in decency overlook me. So he selected for the post of Adjutant-General an officer in the army of average capacity and education. Late events in the Crimea have enabled the world at large to estimate that average at its just value. He then forced upon me the Commissionership of Police. Lord Sydenham followed, and by means of a hocus pocus commission he contrived to deprive me of that office, and to bestow it on *a man from the old country!* Again, at a crisis, a particular juncture, I received the office of Adjutant-General. I had never solicited that or any other office—no, nor any office within your gift, as you know; though, peradventure, I may be fit for something. Yet again I was supplanted by a man, and the same *uneducated man* from the old country. Lord Cathcart did not hesitate to declare that he caused me to be removed because Lord Sydenham had induced that gentleman to give way to me. He added, with characteristic judgment and politeness, that in his opinion no colonist should fill that office: as if one so low in the

intellectual scale as he, could entertain any opinion worth the paper on which it was written.

I have avoided the use of the term Englishman, for notwithstanding the insult which you have offered me, it is a word of power, exciting in my breast sentiments of respect, admiration, and affection. There are, doubtless, exceptions, such as the notorious Lord DeRoos, who *sauté le coup*; but the term English gentleman, is in my mind, as a result of my education and experience, the type of excellence; but why should *every man from the old country be considered superior to me*? Do you assume, as too many do, Governor General of Canada, that the race has degenerated, in America? Do you forget the Louisbourg Grenadiers, at the head of whom Wolfe was wounded and fell immortal? Do you overlook the Yankee Continentals, who assisted you to take Havannah and Quebec, and who fought your battles until you drove them to fight you? If history be not written in vain, can you overlook York Town and Saratoga? I record not these facts in a tone of exultation, but I protest against a course of conduct calculated to produce in this country the most lamentable results.

You are aware of the excitement produced in England by the degree of royal favor shown to Lord Bute and his countrymen. Now, in that particular at least, we are in no wise different from Englishmen; and if their anger was kindled at the pretensions of three millions of Scotchmen, what may we not feel, considering that we have to contend against thirty-three millions. Yes, Sir, it is the whole population of the British Isles against six hundred thousand of us: in the language of the turf—the Bank of England to a China orange. Rely upon it, we have eyes to see, and we never can be satisfied so long as we find every broken down trader, every body who has tried all things and failed in every thing, including many charlatans in every branch, and some who would scarcely be admitted into an English gentleman's servants' hall, made easy for life in some good office in Canada. We are the less satisfied, because imitating a person who shall be nameless, not a few of those persons so provided for, give

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themselves great airs, and are, in fact, the curse of every social circle in which they are to be found. By their tales of European splendor they induce colonial wives to affect a style of living quite inconsistent with their condition in life. Expensive habits prevent early marriages, and more especially frequent marriages. And now that Government House has ceased to be a school in which good manners, and what is better, mental refinement, could be acquired, such persons unavoidably lower the standard of morals. In fact, it may be said of them that they inspire the native born youth with a degree of diffidence contrasting singularly with the relative superiority of the latter, while it tends to rivet the chains on their necks. So long as that system continues, the worst Europeans will invariably prefer a claim, to a sort of social superiority over the best colonist.

Sir, there will be drivellers and idiots in all ages and communities, and in this age and country you have men who, begetting children in Canada, sneer at colonists. But unless they repent in time retributive justice will overtake them. They will soon awaken from their dream or affectation of superiority to find their offspring, as mere colonists, expiating the crimes of their fathers, and enduring the *tristis quies et tedium vite* as the acknowledged inferiors of future vulgar immigrants from the British Isles. For my part, as well in the name of those honored progenitors whose blood flows in my veins, as on behalf of my much-loved grandsons, I protest against that doctrine. Let who will bend and sneak, I am, I insist on it, on a perfect footing of equality with the best *man from the old country* who ever showed his nose in Canada, be he who he may. Sir, the census proves that our numbers exceed 600,000, every one of whom will feel or should feel that he may be treated as I have been. Nor shall we be denied the sympathy of the generous English, nor will those who have settled here and have begotten colonists refuse us their alliance. Submission to petulance, arrogance and insult upon the free soil of America is quite incompatible with merit of any kind whatever; nor, if you insist on it, can you ever expect to see the "right man in the right place."

In the atmosphere breathed by the progeny of the Tithe Proctor, servility and adulation must have a preference, it is true ; but is it not your Excellency who is Governor General ? Are you not responsible to the Queen, our royal mistress, that " Canada be not lost or given away ? " You have not abdicated, I believe ; still less consented to be always conducted in leading strings by Mr. Drummond. Diaphonous as Mr. Drummond is, you must know that he owes his importance principally to his creed, but much also to his voice. It is without doubt susceptible of some modulation, for it combines the bray of a sucking donkey with the creaking of the door of a sepulchre. He alternately whines like an infant poodle, then roars like the ram's horns which blew down the walls of Jericho. His colleagues appreciate him thoroughly, if you do not ; but I must not disclose all I know.

Infirmities of temper and a disposition to yield to low caste, men your inferiors in moral worth and intellectual power, may all co-exist with manhood and magnanimity. Speaking as I do thus plainly, I cannot yet divest myself of my partiality for a scholar and a gentleman of the lion-hearted race to which you belong. Nor will you, I hope, ascribe to me the folly and the meanness of undervaluing it or you. Gentlemen never threaten ; and if I could forget myself, I should either excite your contempt or your animosity. On the contrary, it is because of my just appreciation of the merits and the rights of Englishmen that I desire to be held as one of them. Accident has fortunately assisted me, and if I dared to call myself an Englishman I should never be contradicted. You have cured me of a delusion under which I labored, it is true : yet I did once consider myself part and parcel of the great Empire. I fancied myself an inheritor of the glory achieved by the victors of Crecy, Agincourt, Blenheim and Waterloo,—and my bosom yet swells at the bare thought of the charge at Balaklava, and of the heroism displayed at Inkermann. The triumph of native valor excites me almost to delirium. What have Greece or Rome, in their most palmy days, ever exhibited more ennobling than those men riding proudly to destruction, than those soldiers without chiefs over-

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throwing a host of well-officered, fanaticised barbarians? They present to my mind as magnificent a spectacle as that of Leonidas promising his soldiers a supper with Pluto—or as the handful of Greeks charging invincibly at Marathon. But, sir, though they be justly indignant in England at the mismanagement of our affairs in the East, do you believe that you will secure the approbation of your country and your sovereign by mismanaging them in the West? Though now engrossed with the war in the Crimea, Canada and Sir Edmund Head will sooner or later engage a share of public attention, and even my case may tell. You will excuse me, sir, it was not my fault if I acted on so small a theatre—nor was it my fault if I have not been often wounded and eventually put to death. I was in the way of those things, and you may learn, if you please, how I conducted myself; you know how I have been rewarded. I was not then in the Queen's military service, and if I be not an Englishman, I hope you will be told that I acted pretty nearly as well. At all events, I was as true, as self-sacrificing as any Englishman could have been. Every old countryman who took part in the contest to which I refer received some mark of royal favour, beginning with Sir John Colborne, who was therefore ennobled. Since that period, under the auspices of Lord Elgin, the political preponderance having devolved on French Canadians, those who in arms resisted the Queen's authority have been appointed to places of power and emolument; some of them indeed have received distinctions. Thus all the old countrymen on the royal side, and all the colonists on the other side, have been rewarded, while I have been overlooked, ruined, slighted. Seeing the Chief Justice, Sir Louis Lafontaine, one day, a kind but much mistaken friend urged me to move Her Majesty to raise me by some distinction from the oblivion into which I have fallen. But my Lord Elgin, or now your Excellency, or both, would doubtless be consulted, and the fate of my application could be safely predicted.

Thus I have learned, not indirectly, that I was charged with the crime of unpopularity. But, at least from Quintus Curtius down to the present hour, no individual could



benefit his country without making sacrifices—it may be of worldly goods—it may be of life—it may be of fame. Many men may be popular at some period of their lives, and unpopular ever after, or vice versa. Assuredly Lord Elgin was at one time the most decidedly unpopular of men. In the estimation of many he has not redeemed himself, and never will. He might, I think, have remembered that in April, 1849, when he contrived to excite the British population almost to frenzy, when they could be restrained neither by the Police, nor by the French Canadians, whom he had armed, nor by the Queen's troops, I was not unpopular.

But for my intervention on three several occasions, he might have been hanged or torn to pieces in his own house; but for my intervention, sir,—it is a solemn fact attested by scores of witnesses—the troops would infallibly have slaughtered hundreds of my Protestant, protesting fellow-citizens. At that time thousands of armed sympathizers, with decided military instincts and some discipline, in the neighbouring States, were ready to advance to the rescue. In Upper Canada, too, hundreds eager for the fray could scarcely be restrained from pouring down like a flood to our relief. Had the collision (which by God's providence I prevented) taken place, Canada must have been severed from Great Britain. Have I not done something, and that not a little thing—for I prevented the effusion of blood, and possibly, as a consequence, saved a Province;—have I not done something, I say, which after my death may induce my descendants to respect my memory? Need I, after this statement, enter into my defence? Need I refer to illustrious examples? I will not cite the apostles—but Wickliffe, Luther, Ridley. Were they popular? Why, at the close of the Revolutionary War, that incarnation of patriotism, the heroic Nelson, then captain of a man-of-war, was so unpopular that had he stepped ashore upon any West India island, he would have been apprehended. He was frequently chased by bailiffs and constables, and the Admiral commanding on the Station censured, reprimanded and suspended him. All these were the consequences, simply, of *his determination to do his duty*,

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which frequently, indeed, makes a man unpopular. Upon the world which he discovered, Columbus was arrested and sent in chains to Spain. Such, sir, are the lessons of history, (and without daring to imagine that my case can in any respect be compared with any of those which I have cited) I am perfectly consoled. Moses, by divine command leading the children of Israel into the land of promise, was subjected to imputations and accusations of all kinds. How can a humble individual like me, urging, as I am doing, my countrymen to assume their proper place in their own country, escape the common penalty? I expected and am prepared for it—the more so as I have received several samples. Referring to the Montreal riots, I was charged with being the author of them, simply because I ran every risk to put them down; as if a man like me could urge any body of men into any danger that he durst not share! as if I could publicly disclaim sentiments privately avowed!

My being the son of a foreigner, like George I., George II., and George III., I am told weighs awfully against me. "Born and educated in this country," said George III., "I glory in the name of a Briton." I cannot say as much, though the offspring of Protestant foreigners, like your sovereigns, like Bentinck, Romilly and Labouchere, I am not very far from being as much of an Englishman as the Prince of Wales, and I should like to be able to continue to glory, as I have hitherto done, in being a British subject. The race of Tell, of Arnold and Winkilried, may not be unworthy to associate with that of Coke, Somers, Hampden and Blake. Accordingly, moved by our disasters in the East, (as you will observe, sinking the colonist, I still use the personal pronoun,) I tendered my services. I should have served in any capacity; and if Earl Cathcart be a good judge, as I fear he is not—if he did not stoop to flatter or deceive me—I should not be destitute of what he did me the honor to call talents for war. This offer was coldly rejected. But what was my surprise to find going the rounds of all the newspapers, paragraphs intimating that the Quebec Cavalry had volunteered for the Crimea. The corps, it was said, with augmented numbers, armed, disciplined and

well mounted, would infallibly distinguish itself. I should know something of military matters generally, and among other things I myself commanded such a corps for several years. I assumed that position at the instance of Lord Dalhousie, a nobleman who did not disdain to treat with civility gentlemen holding no office. Then as independent of him as he could be of me, and frequently in his presence I can certify that he was the very incarnation of generosity, hospitality, courtesy and charity. Sincere and manly, free from the affectation of importance, simple in all his habits *unpatronizing and uncondescending*, he had the art of putting every one at his ease. What a contrast between him and some of his cunning, scheming, money-making successors.

It was natural that I should desire to see the Quebec Cavalry. Having diligently sought I eventually ascertained that it had no existence. Positively there is no such thing : not a trooper, not a trumpeter, not a horse, not a saddle, not a bridle, not a valise, not a cloak, not a carbine or pistol, not a belt, nor a sabre—nothing, nothing. Some young men were, it is true, gazetted as officers—one major, two captains, two lieutenants, one cornet and surgeon, or assistant surgeon ; but does that constitute a corps—all officers and no soldiers ? Of course you don't expect to resist the Yankees in that way. The Chinese when they tried to frighten us (again the pronoun personal) had at least wooden guns, and they did us the honor not merely to show them, but to paint them most frightfully. So Mardonius and the other satraps of the Great King who were so tremendously discomfited by handfuls of Greek republicans, had at least soldiers, such as they were, and in great numbers too, under their command. But your Excellency is neither so ingenious as the Chinese, nor so well supplied as Mardonius, and if the Yankees should some fine day swarm over, you will be at a loss.—Do you know too that I think that you will be more comeatable to men whom you now undervalue and refuse to see. If you doubt my accuracy, call upon your Adjutant General, who, at least, is a soldier as well as an unaffected gentleman, to parade the corps.

Arriving by a natural transition at the appointment of Baron de Rottenburg, I avail myself of this occasion solemnly to enter my protest against it. The recurrence of an old colonial grievance is not at this day to be viewed with indifference, not can it be tolerated. I trust not to Sampson in the arms of the Canadian Delilah ; but where was Sir Allan McNab, who is a colonist himself and a gentleman—where was he, I say, when this insult was offered to his countrymen ? He, doubtless, might have prevented the commission of a crime which may lead to the most disastrous results. I have taken counsel from my own heart alone. I have consulted not one of my own countrymen, for it was and is fitting that I should assume the sole responsibility of my own acts. What ! was there not one of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects worthy of the appointment—not one ? If there were no French Canadian, was there not one Anglo-Canadian who could be trusted ? To what depths have we fallen ! I may stand alone, and you have your Attorney General and your law of libel to ruin me : symptoms of official persecution, indeed, have already manifested themselves. You have your Attorney General, and your law of treason to hang, draw and quarter me ; and you have, too, your judges selected by him and appointed by you : you have subservient Juries, composed of men who will do anything to please you ; but so long as the French Canadians and men from the old country engross, as they now engross, every place of honor or profit—so long as every avenue to distinction is closed to the Anglo-Canadians, I for one never will fight for the Queen—never—never—never.

I have the honor, Sir, to be

Your Excellency's most obedient  
and very humble servant,

A. GUGY.

Quebec, 13th Aug., 1855.

